

Rose

by Kuma

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Prologue

Buffy was patrolling that night, as usual. Nothing was in site, except for the headstones on the graves. The wind was calm and the moon was bright.

"No vampires, no demons, or anything else evil for that matter," Buffy said as she paced around the grave yard with a stake in hand. "Just another lonely night."

"Are you sure that I'm not evil, lover?" a voice called out. A shadow reveled itself out from the darkness. Buffy knew that voice too well, to be fooled.

"What do you want?" her voice was cold, but still winced at the way he used the word, lover. "I'm ready to fight, right now. You want to become ashes? Come on. Let me see what you've got." Buffy put up a fighting position.

"I didn't come here to fight," Angel said in a cool tone. He walked up to her and grabbed the stake out of her hand. Buffy looks at him with anger. "I came here because one of your friends are in trouble. Right now."

Buffy pushed him out of the way and started running towards the library. She hopped over bushes and ran around cars parked on the street. Her boots clicked on the benches and on the black, paved roads. She finally reached her destination within minutes.

Out of breath, she ran into the library. Buffy took a quick glance around and assumed everyone was there. "Is everyone okay?" her voice was with worry.

"Yeah. Everything's fine here. Just having another crazy night of fun," Xander replied with sarcasm. He held up a book to show his point.

"Buffy, what is the..the matter?" Giles asked with concern. He still held a book in his hand as he went over to Buffy.

Buffy exhaled and closed her eyes. She heard Giles, but just barely. The image in her head, was of Angel. Then, she passed out.

Part One

"Buffy!" Willow ran over to her and caught her before she hit the floor. "Giles, what's wrong?" her voice full of worry.

Giles walked over to them and picked Buffy up and placed her in his office. He examined her and found nothing wrong.

"Giles! Talk to me!" Willow grabbed his arm, turning his towards her. Tears started racing down her face.

"I..I don't know what's wrong. N..Nothing seems to be wrong." Giles said. He examined her some more.

Xander came into the office. "What happened to Buffy?" he questioned. He walked over the Giles and glanced at him.

"Like I said, I don't know," Giles replied, still looking at Buffy. Her face had turned pale. "I need to get her to the hospital."

"Okay. Then why don't you go?" Xander said with anger.

Giles grabbed his keys. "Xander, get Buffy. Willow think of a story to tell her mom. As you know, anything but the truth," they knew that she went up against Angelus. They headed out of the school and towards the hospital.

* * *

"What happened to her?" a doctor asked Giles.

"She passed out. Wh..when she walked into the library," Giles said. It was the truth.

"Okay. Where is her mother?" the doctor questioned.

I'm right here," the doctor and Giles both turned to look at her.

* * *

Buffy is sitting up in the hospital bed, eating Jell-O. "I'm okay. I might of passed out because I ate something," she looked at Giles and then at her mom. "It's funny. Here I am in a hospital again." she laughed.

They had been there for a few hours, waiting for tests to return. Joyce spoke up, "Buffy, I'm going to go home. Unless you want-"

"No, mom. I'm fine," Buffy smiled to reassure her mom.

"Okay," Joyce replied. "I'll see you later on when the doctors call me," she smiled and kissed her daughter on the cheek. She then left.

"Okay. What's wrong with me?" Buffy asked as soon as her mom was out of the room. She looked at Giles, like always, for the answer.

To her surprise, Xander answered. "The doctors don't know, but they think it's harmless."

"I WANT to know what's wrong with me." she demanded. She put her Jell-O aside and crossed her arms.

"We don't know, Buffy. What happened tonight with Angel? Did he do anything?" Giles question. He expected that Angel did do something.

"All he did was step up to me. I really think that that couldn't do anything." she replied. She wanted some answers.

They stopped their conversation when a female doctor came in. It was a different doctor than the one had been seeing her. "Buffy Summers, I need to speak to you," her voice was serious. "I need you guys to go outside and wait," she spoke to Buffy's friends.

They did as they were told and shut the door on the way out.

"What's wrong with me? Is it anything serious?" Buffy questioned. She was worried.

"Well, it isn't anything fatal, but it is serious," she paused before going on.

"How have you been feeling lately? I have you been sick any?"

"Well, I sometimes feel dizzy, and I threw up once this morning, but that's about all," the slayer replied, truthfully.

"Well, the last test we took," the doctor picked up Buffy's hand. This made Buffy sit up straight. "proved that you were three months pregnant."

Buffy was shocked. She was lost in her own world, until the doctor called her back. "Buffy?"

"Huh? Oh. Well.." she couldn't believe it. She knew it was from

Angel. On her seventeenth birthday. "I don't know how I'm going to tell my mother."

"You can tell her tonight. I called her, but left the important news for you to tell her," the doctor got up and left the room. Buffy could hear her telling her friends that she could go in.

Giles came in first and then Willow and Xander. They looked at Buffy, worried that it was something fatal.

"What's wrong?" Giles was the first to question.

"Nothing," she was still in a trance. "Nothing," she repeated herself.

Giles shook her until she was back. He look at her with worry.

Willow went by her friend's side and took her hand. "Buffy, tell us what the doctor said."

"I'm...I.."she tried to hold back the tears of joy, happiness, and pain. Buffy took a deep breath before continuing. "I'm pregnant," she finally got the words out.

Part Two

Giles stood as if he had just seen Buffy stuck by a vampire. He slowly walked over to Buffy's bed. It was Willow who spoke up first.

"Oh, Buffy!" Willow wend over to comforted her friend. A sad, yet happy smile was on her face. She gave her a best friend a hug.

"Yeah, Buff. Sorry," Xander replied. His face opposite from Willow's.

"How could you say that?" the slayer glared angrily at Xander. "I'm happy. I couldn't be more happier, but just a tad bit sad. I just wish my mom will feel the same," her face soften a bit.

"How could you be happy? You're carrying Angelus' baby." Xander rambled. Willow slapped him on the shoulder. Xander grabbed his arm in pain.

"I'm carrying Angel's baby," Buffy instantly corrected. "But see, now he won't hurt me. Now that I'm carrying the baby. I'm sure Angelus would love to have another follow him..." she paused for a moment to think. "How Angelus was locked inside of Angel, when he was good, maybe now Angel is locked inside of Angelus."

"Where are you trying getting at, Buffy?" asked Xander, with a confused face.

"Well, maybe if Angel was strong enough, he would see me and know that Angelus might try and hurt me, and the baby. Maybe Angel can over come the evil and fight Angelus and be Angel again."

"Are we speaking on the same terms here? I mean we're talking about a

murd..."

Willow interrupted her not-so helpful friend, "I think it can work, maybe with a little help from a spell or two," she looked at Giles for an answer.

Giles fixed his glasses and stepped forward. "First, Angel told me he couldn't get you um.. pregnant."

"Ya, well, you learn things everyday. Whether they're your everyday things or scary hellmouth things." Buffy smiling in satisfaction.

"No kidding. We have a scary hellmouthy thing happening right now."

"Xander!" Willow yelled at him, giving him an angry glare.

He ignored her and continued. "What is the kid going to be? Half vampire, half slayer? I mean it's going to be powerful, whatever it is. But get one thing straight Buffy, I don't like the guy. I never did." With his statement complete, Xander left.

"I can't believe him. He's supposed to be my friend."

"You must not let Xander get to you. He just needs a little time to take it all in." Giles tried to reason with Buffy.

She laughed. "Give him time to let it sink in? I think I'm the person that needs to let it sink in. I'm have this baby, not him. Not like he can." After pausing for a moment, she added, "Although it'd be funny to see him try." It got a laugh out of everyone.

"Buffy, I'm happy for you, really. Hopefully we will find a spell to cure Angel," Willow reassured her friend.

"Yes. I'm sure we will. And I'll try and see what the baby might turn out to be."

"Buffy," a voice called from the door. Everyone look towards the door. Joyce was standing there, waiting to find out if her daughter was okay. "Are you okay?" she ran over to her daughter and gave her a hug.

"Yeah, Mom, I'm fine." Buffy smiled to comfort her mom. "If you can call it that," she mumbled.

"Well, then why are you here?"

"I think we better leave," Giles suggested, walking towards the door.

"No, please stay. I need you here."

Giles stood in front of the door, while Willow remained on the other side of Buffy's bed, holding her hand for support.

"Mom, what I'm about to tell you is going to shock you. I know it is. But I need you to stay calm for me. Okay?" Joyce nodded her head.

Buffy took a deep breath. "Mom, I'm pregnant."

"What?!"

Part Two

Buffy's mom stared at her in disbelief. She took a deep breath and then started to speak again. "Excuse me, Buffy. But I just thought you said you were pregnant." Joyce put on look that said she was confused.

Buffy wanted to cry. Out of joy, pain, and the anger that her mom was forcing upon her. "I did." She said it plainly with no emotion in her voice as if it was a joke that she didn't laugh at.

Joyce gasped and Giles put his hand on her shoulder. She covered her mouth with her hand and shook her head, still disbelieving what she had said.

"When did this happen? Where was I? How come you didn't tell me?" Joyce asked her daughter. She got up and sat across the room, where she'll be sure that she wouldn't hit her daughter.

Buffy swallowed hard. She opened her mouth, but nothing came out. Willow came and stood by her, holding her hand for comfort. "Remember when I said I was over at Willow's?" Buffy waited for an answer from her mom. All Joyce did was nodded. This made it harder for Buffy to speak. "I was with Angel--"

Buffy's mom cut her off. "Your history tutor? Did he force--"

"No, mom. It was my decision. He didn't..never would of forced me."

"Well, then. Shouldn't he be here? I mean he just can't leave you like this."

"He had to go," Buffy spoke slowly, "out of town for a while for a history exhibit."

"Buffy, if he forced you-" Joyce was cut off again by a very angry daughter."

"Mom! He didn't force me. He would of never did it if I didn't want to." Buffy started to calm down, but not much. "I told you, he went out of town."

"Buffy, you're seventeen years old and pregnate!" Joyce yelled at back.

"Mom, I know. It was a mistake."

"You're darn right it was a mistake. Don't expect me to do anything for you. You took the responsibility of...so you take the responsibility of supporting yourself." Joyce walked out of her room angry.

Buffy broke down crying. Willow hugged her best friend, trying to comfort her. Giles went out into the hall to talk to Joyce.

"Buffy, everything's going to be okay. Your mom will get used to the idea. She just needs some time," Willow spoke quietly.

"I know. But what she said. I'm not going to be okay. If I had the chance to that night," Buffy stopped crying and spoke clearly. "I'd still be stuck between two choices."

Willow looked at her with confusion, not expecting her to say that.

"I'd do it all over again because it was nice, sweet, and everything. But I would because I would lose Angel."

Willow nodded. "I understand. Just don't tell your mom that."

Buffy laughed lightly. She smiled and her eyes brightened, knowing that everything would turn out fine.

Out in the hall, Joyce was pacing. She didn't know what to do about her daughter.

"Joyce, you must know that Buffy loves Angel very much. And he..he loves her," Giles spoke to Joyce.

"Even though she did..does, that does not make it okay for what she has done. I don't know how she's going to handle this. She's seventeen years old, not even done graduating from high school and she's already having a child." Joyce replied in an angry tone.

Giles knew all too well that things were falling into place. Most slayers don't live past their mid twenties. Buffy was one of the lucky ones that knew what it was like to fall in love and have a child of her own. "Buffy is more than capable of taking care of herself. I can guarantee that."

"I hope so. Maybe I was a little harsh on her. I'll talk to her and we'll work things out." Joyce replied and walked into Buffy's hospital room.

Part Four

Joyce walked inside of Buffy's hospital room. She looked at her daughter. Willow noticed that Joyce had entered the room and exited.

"Buffy, you and I both know that what you did wasn't right." Joyce walked over to Buffy's bed and held her hand.

"I know Mom, we went through this already," Buffy sighed.

"But I know that I can help you get through this. It may have been a mistake, but it may be the best mistake you ever made." Joyce replied, smiling. She saw the way that her daughter's eyes lit up when told her that.

The nurse from before walked inside of Buffy's room. "I would like to keep Buffy just a day to run some tests and make sure that everything's okay."

"That's fine." Joyce replied, knowing that Buffy hated hospitals. The nurse left. "Well, I'm going to go home. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Okay, Mom. I love you." Buffy kissed her mom the cheek and watched as she left.

Willow and Giles walked in. Willow wanted to know what Joyce had told Buffy.

"Basically she said that everything will be okay and that she will help me get through this." Buffy replied, smiling.

"So, I guess you're happy. I mean...being on good terms with your mom and everything." the red head said.

"Nothing could be better. Only if Angel were here," the slayer sighed with disappointment.

"Speaking of which," Giles spoke up, "Willow and I will be sitting outside of your bedroom just in case Angel does want to come by."

"It's not Angel. It's Angelus. I want to make that clear," Buffy struck back with a tone she didn't mean to use.

"Yes, and you seem to have that down." Willow said, knowing that her best friend wanted to keep as much difference between them as possible.

They all fell silent as the nurse came in. She nodded at Giles and Willow and proceeded towards Buffy. "Visiting hours are over," she turned to Willow and Giles, and watched as they left. "I just want to take a blood sample to make sure everything's okay," the nurse told Buffy in a voice that was used to calm a child. She stuck the needle in Buffy's arm and withdrew blood. The nurse pulled the needle out and went towards the door. before exiting, she added, "If you need anything, just push that button on the table beside you."

Buffy gave a thin smile and watched as she left and shut the door. "How about needing a different nurse that doesn't treat me like a child," she murmured. Buffy decided she should make the best of it and tried to go to sleep.

A couple hours later

Out in the hall, Willow was sitting in a seat close to Buffy's room. She had a book on her lap. The book cover showed a vampire face in the shadows. The book, itself, was old, yellow, and the pages were ridged. She put the book down as Giles showed up with two cups and a bag.

"Thanks," Willow said politely. "This book is very interesting. All the different vampires and monsters."

"Yes," Giles replied and set down the cups and bag down on the table in between them. "It's rather old. Some of the vampires no longer exist. The peritrian vampire, for example, they died out centuries ago."

"I don't think I read about them," Willow said and took a sip of her coffee. "What are so special about them?"

"Well, the peritrian vampire could walk in the daylight and only feed during the daytime. And when night came, they had to replenish their energy by drinking Convecidor's blood. Convecidor was like the master, very powerful. He was a peritrian vampire as well, the first one in fact. He was made by accident. One of the vampires were trying to make him, uh, more powerful and something went wrong in the spell." Giles took a sip of his coffee and looked at Willow. "Every peritrian vampire soon died when a slayer eventually killed him."

"Wow." Willow said slowly. This was the most amazing thing she had ever heard. She read a lot of books about vampires, but never crossed one that had this vampire in it. Perhaps because they were more recent than the one she had now. "That's amazing. I'm glad we don't have any today. The victims must of had a gruesome death. Daylight and all."

"Yes. Perhaps you shall find something else interesting." He told Willow and opened a book of his own.

A few hours later

Angel walked into the hospital and saw Giles and Willow sitting in front of Buffy's room. He saw that Willow was asleep and Giles was about to fall asleep himself. But he knew Giles would fall asleep on Buffy's account. He watched until Giles nodded off. Even for five seconds, but that's all he needed. He quickly went pass Giles and Willow. Then, he went into Buffy's room.

Giles quickly opened his eyes and looked up. He thought he heard something, but wasn't sure. He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes. He knew he only nodded off and thought nothing of it. He looked at Willow sleeping and smiled. He knew she needed her sleep. Giles picked up his book and started to read again.

Angel walked around in Buffy's room, concealing himself in the darkness. He was quiet as a mouse when he walked. He stood in the corner of her room, as if to seem to be planning something.

Buffy knew someone was in her room. She had woken up by the foot steps. No one else may of heard them, but she was the Slayer. She could hear a mouse walking across grass with the wind blowing. That's how good her Slayer senses were. "You know, hide and seek isn't really the best game to play in the dark," Buffy spoke out as she sat up in her bed. She watched as Angel...Angelus to her, stepped out of the corner.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't the little pathetic Slayer. Here in bed and no one can help her." Angelus spoke as if he was insulting her.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't another pathetic vampire," Buffy said, mocking his tone. She glared at him and watched as sat down in a chair.

He watched her. As if he was trying to studying her weaknesses. Or

waiting for her to attack him. "No one can stop me, you know. I walked right pass Giles, and he didn't even see me."

"If you did anything to him or Willow, I swear I'll make your death very painful." the Slayer threatened.

"I didn't do anything to them. Why hurt them when I can kill you and watch them grieve over your death and the way they found you?" Angelus said calmly with a smirk on his face.

"Which is more than I can say for you," Buffy replied. "You know you won't kill me. You wouldn't dare harm your child." Buffy replied. She watched as his eyes softened for a second. She knew Angel fought to get out just then and succeeded. But the coldness in his eyes returned.

"Yeah, your right. But after you give birth to our child, then I can kill you." He tried to hurt her more by reminding her that it was her child, too.

Buffy was in no mood to mess around. She wanted things done. "I know I can kill you," she hide the fact the she had no stakes, but he didn't know that. "But if I couldn't, maybe Giles couldn't, or the orderlies. Maybe even the police officers couldn't. But I'd like to find out." She replied with a smirk of her own.

"Why does that so familiar. I know. That's what that little twerp Xander said the last time I tried to visit, lover. Where's your little bodyguard, now?" he questioned her as he got up and stepped closer to her bed.

Buffy didn't take her eyes off him for even a moment. But she needed something to defend herself with. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a stake that Giles must of left for her, on the table. The moment she did look away, something hit her in the head. Hard. She felt dizzy and her head hurt.

Angelus opened the window in her room. He turned to go get Buffy when he was tripped and saw her standing over him.

"That isn't the polite way to say 'Get Well', is it lover?" she had a smile on her face, feeling confident.

He grabbed her ankle and pulled it towards him. She fell and hit her head on the floor. This time, the impact made her unconscious. He stood up, smiling that he had gotten the Slayer. He picked her up and went through the window.

Giles heard something pound against something. Obviously, so did Willow. She woke up quickly from her sleep, rubbed her eyes, and looked at Giles. Giles got up quickly and entered Buffy's room. Willow wasn't far behind. He looked at her bed and she wasn't there. His eyes instantly went to the window and went wide as he saw that someone had opened the window.

"Giles! Where's Buffy?" Willow asked in anger. She frantically searched the room.

"I don't know! Maybe she left?" Giles hoped that was the answer.

"It's not like Buffy to leave, especially with us just right outside the door." Willow answered in a rush.

"Angel must of been here. I thought I heard someone pass by me when I nodded off," he passed by Willow, rushing towards the exit of the hospital.

"You nodded off?!" Willow complained as she followed Giles out the exit and towards the parking lot.

"Well, I didn't see that you were wide awake, either." he shot back at her bitterly. Willow didn't answer, for she knew she shouldn't of fallen asleep. They got into Giles' car and headed towards Buffy's house.

Part Five

Buffy opened her eyes slowly, for fear of having to look into a bright light. Her head was pounding and her vision was blurry. She rubbed her eyes and opened them wider.

She was laying on a bed, her body curled up. All she wanted was to go back to sleep and sleep the pain away. But she knew she couldn't sleep, not knowing where she was. She sat up and held her head still with her hands, perhaps to make the room stop moving.

Where am I? she thought as she looked around. The place was pretty nice. It looked just like one big open room. A fire place, a rug in the center of the room along with a few sofas. The bed laid in the corner of the room with silk sheets.

Buffy was surprised when someone walked inside of the room. He looked like an angel. He had a glass of water in his hand and walked towards her.

"Here, take this." his voice was deep and smooth. He handed her a glass of water and two pills.

"Thank you," Buffy replied. She popped the two pills in her mouth and drank the water.

She had no idea who she was or where she was. She had no idea who this guy was, for that matter. "Who are you?"

"Come, on lover. Don't play dumb."

Lover? What is he talking about? "What are you talking about? Where am I?"

He thought back for a moment. Amnesia. What he did to her, he couldn't blame her. Now, she was so helpless and innocent. He could put any memory into her mind that he wanted to. He sat down on the bed and looked down at her.

"You don't really remember who you are, do you?" he asked gently, almost as if he was Angel. *I can put any memory I want into her head.*

She shook her head. "I don't remember. Do I..you live here?" She

wanted to know all these things.

"Yes, it's unfortunate that you don't remember. We both live here. I'm Angel and your name is Buffy."

He's got the Angel part right. "Why don't I remember who I am?"

"You...fell and hit your head. It's called amnesia. Does your stomach feel all right?" He wanted to make sure his little demon was okay.

"It's...fine. Why do you ask?"

"You're pregnant. Didn't want to hurt our baby." he wanted her to know that it was his child that she was carrying.

"Ours?" Buffy asked Angel, unsure about her having a baby. He nodded and smiled. *So, I'm his girlfriend..I guess* she thought about the possibility for a moment and considered that he was telling the truth. After all, she had no memory of anything.

"You know, Buffy, I'm going to make you very happy. Even if you don't remember, I'll make it just how it always was between us." his voice was deep and soft. He smiled at her, knowing that he had her wrapped around his finger.

* * * *

Joyce Summers set down the remote and walked towards the door. She peered outside and saw that Giles and Willow was standing there. She opened the door and invited them in.

"Mrs. Summers, is Buffy here?" Giles asked anxiously. She could of taken Buffy home early.

"No, she's at the hospital. You know that. Why? Is Buffy missing?" Joyce asked, worried. "I'm afraid that she may of ran off. She wasn't in her room and we thought she might of came here." *Anything but the truth.*

"Buffy, running off? She would never do that." Joyce said, disbelieving what Giles had said.

"I can't think of any other explanation other than that."

"Well, where would she go? Her dad lives all the way in LA and I don't think she'd go there without telling me."

Giles thought hard. He knew Buffy was gone, probably taken by Angelus. He didn't know where to find them, or where to even begin looking. "She'll probably come back soon. She finding out that she was pregnant is enough to drive anyone away."

"I don't see why. I thought I had fixed things." Joyce couldn't understand. Her and her daughter had a great relationship.

"You must understand that Buffy's still only seventeen and-" Giles was cut off by the red head.

"She's probably scared. Everything that she's going through. Maybe it's just emotional problems." Willow smiled, satisfied with herself.

"Maybe. Let's just hope that's all. I don't want to loose my baby girl."

"I can assure you that she'll be back." Giles answered to comfort her.

* * * *

Buffy smiled. Everything was going to be okay. Even if she didn't remember, she had to trust someone. And he was good as anyone to start with. "Where are we?" her voice was like that of a curious child.

"We're home. You love it here, in the middle of the country. Peace and quiet."

"That's sounds nice. Do we have any pets?"

"No. No pets."

She looked around. It looked awfully lonely. Everything was peaceful, too quiet for her.

"Then what do we do here?"

"We read and we have each other." he smiled again at her. He wanted her to believe that she had a great past with him.

She nodded, as if she remember it all. "I'm a bit hungry. Can I have something to eat?"

"Of course. I'm just going to go out and get some stuff. You have to stay inside, okay?"

"Why do I have to stay inside?" *What if I want to go out?*

"Because...Because there are strange people that come around sometimes," he lifted up her head by her chin with his fingers. He leaned over and put his forehead against hers. "I wouldn't want you to get hurt or killed. I want you safe in here when I come back." he smiled at her. The perfect excuse. She would obey him, believing everything he told her. She didn't know better.

She smiled. "Okay," she spoke gently and quietly. Almost a whisper. She leaned up to kiss him, but he got up and went towards the door. She was puzzled. Why would he just move away like that?

"I have to go now." He gave her one last smile and exited the mansion.

Part Six

"Recap here. Buffy's gone, with Angel and we have no idea where they are?" Oz asked. He was siting in the library with the others, including Xander.

"Basically. Except that we're trying to find her," replied Giles, annoyed that he didn't know where she was.

"Keyword, trying. It's not getting us anywhere. I told you this guy was trouble and now Buffy's missing." Xander spoke out. *I told you so.*

Cordelia patted his arm. "Yes Xander, you told us so. I mean, come on, you weren't even there to help and your blaming them."

"Like you were. You were probably off somewhere, making your car's windows--"

"Let's not discuss my personal life. Unlike your loser pathetic life that has nothing to discuss."

"Stop it, right now." Giles spoke up. He was getting more annoyed by just having the two of them arguing. "Buffy's missing and we have to try an..and figure out where she is." Giles walked around the table where the kids sat. He took an empty chair and sat down. "The more time we spend loitering about, the more time Angelus has to get farther away."

"What if he makes her into a vampire?" Willow asked. She was curious. She had already considered the possibilities of what he might do. If he did do that, she would make a strong ally.

"He won't. At least, I..I'm pretty sure he won't." Giles paused. He seemed to be thinking of the possibilities of him making her one. "Buffy wouldn't be able to have the baby. Remember, vampires can't have children."

"Or so says dead-boy. We all already know what truth that holds in itself. Or do I have to remind everyone that we live on the hellmouth?" Xander said loudly, not wanting to yell. He took in a few breaths to calm down.

Giles was about to say something, but someone walked into the library. Her hair was dark and pulled back into a braid. Her skin was tan and she looked like an exotic woman. She wore black jeans, boots, and a tight fitting shirt. Kendra.

"Kendra, what brings you to Sunnydale?" Giles asked. Everyone looked up.

"Me Watcher tells me that something's happening." she spoke with an accent. Kendra walked towards the group. After looking at all the faces, she asked, "Where's Buffy?"

"That would be the something's happening part. Except that it's already happened." Oz said. He looked at Kendra, "Who's she?"

"This is Kendra, the other vampire Slayer. Willow will fill you in." Giles explained to Oz. Oz looked confused and Willow pulled him aside and told him what she knew.

"What happened?" Kendra asked.

Xander sighed. "Buffy's missing and Angel's missing. Put two and two

together."

"Angel? Then you have nothing to worry about." Kendra knew Angel would protect Buffy, even if it meant his own death.

"Maybe you didn't hear the news. Buffy and Angel did the thing, Angel lost his soul and now he's Angelus." Xander snapped.

"Angelus. Why didn't you say so?" Kendra said. She was so calm under any circumstance.

Xander threw up his hands. Did he have to say everything bit by bit? He got up and walked around.

"She let her emotions get in the way of her duty. If she just listened to me, none of this would of happened."

Yes. Well, we have to find her. We think angelus took her. We don't know where or what he may do to her." Giles was worried. He wanted his Slayer home and safe. Or At least as safe as possible. "I need you to take over the slaying for now. With her gone we need someone to fight off the vampires."

"I would be of your service, Mr. Giles." Kendra said. She tried not to have any emotions, but it was hard. Sure she would put them aside when she was slaying, but she was still human. Buffy was a friend. A good friend.

"Thank you, Kendra." Giles replied, smiling.

* * *

Buffy wondered around the mansion. She stopped in front of a statue. It was resting on a marble column that came up to her waist. The statue was of a Chinese lady in a kimono. She seemed to be resting. It was made of porcelain. Buffy brought up her hand and touched it gently, as if it would shatter if she touched it any harder. She lowered her hand and continued to wonder about the room.

Pictures of the sunrise were hanging on the wall. They were very pretty, however, she wondered why just the sunrise. Candles were place everywhere, decorating the wall and little furniture there was.

She walked over to the couch and sat down. Buffy stared at the fire place. She placed her hand on her stomach, smiling. A bigger hand covered hers. She looked up and saw Angel and smiled.

"Hey." her voice was just above a whisper.

"Hey, I brought you some food. Here." he handed over a brown paper bag to her.

She took it and peeked inside. She put the contents on the coffee table. "Chinese food!" she was so hungry.

Angel walked around the couch and sat down. "Yeah. It was your favorite." he had no idea what her favorite food was. This was good as any. He picked up a carton and chopstick and started eating. Even though he didn't need it and had already eaten, she didn't know he

was a vampire. Far as he knew, she didn't even know what they were.

She picked up the other carton and chopsticks and started eating. "This is really good." He had stopped eating and watched her eat. He seemed amused by it. She wasn't enjoy very much him watching her eat.

"What?"

"It's just that, how can you not remember who you are, but you remember how to do everything else?" he started eating again.

"I don't know. Maybe amnesia is just that way." Buffy shrugged. She gave him a small smile.

"Maybe." he smiled back at her.

They ate rest of their dinner in silence.

* * *

Angel laid against the couch. Buffy was laying in front of him, her head on his chest. Both of them staring at the fire.

"Angel?" Buffy asked in a small, but curious voice.

"Hmm?" he replied. He could kill the slayer right now if he wanted to. It was just too easy.

"Was it always like this?" she tilted her head up and looked at him.

"Yes. Everyday we would talk after dinner and watch the fire until it went out." he smiled. *Of course not. We fought each other and would of continued to fight until one of us won.* This was too easy putting false memories into her head.

"I wish it could be like it used to be. And that I remembered everything." She was so hopeful. The type of thing that Angelus liked to break.

He gave a little laugh. "No, you don't. You didn't like it all that much. You always got bored and wanted to go out somewhere."

"And did you let me?"

"Of course not." She looked disappointed. He quickly added, "Not with all the gangs out there. I didn't want you to get hurt." *The perfect excuse not to let her go out.*

"Oh. Well, then. I guess I'd just have to stay in, huh?" Buffy put her head back down to stare at the fire.

Angel smiled. It wasn't the sweet smile he'd been giving her. This one was evil. He laughed to himself. *This is way too easy.*

Rose, Part Seven

"So, how do you think you did on your exam?" Willow asked Oz as they

made their way towards the library.

"I'm not sure. I think I passed, and you?" Oz replied. He pushed open the library door, letting Willow enter first.

"I know I passed. It was easy. I gave my computer class their exam and they did well on it." She smiled, please at how well she taught class. And they actually listened.

Oz smiled back. He was proud of her. He knew she was close to Mrs. Calendar and it amazed him how she could still teach her class despite of that. He set his books down on the table and Willow did the same.

Giles walked out of his office into the main room. He had a fairly thick book in his hand.

"Did you get any leads on where they might be?" Willow asked the Watcher.

He adjusted his glasses. He sat on the table, looking at Willow and Xander. "No. Not yet." He then started flipping through the book, looking for something. Or trying to.

"What are you looking for?" Willow asked. She was curious, wondering if she could help.

"N..nothing really. I'm just browsing through the old watcher diaries." He got up and walked over to the check out desk.

"Oh."

"Where's Kendra?" Oz asked. He was used to seeing the Slayer around. Either Slayer.

Giles nodded towards his office. "Sleeping," he took a sip of his coffee.

Willow made a sorrow filled face. "She must of had a hard night. How many vamps?" She knew that if Kendra was sleeping, she must of had one hell of a workout last night.

"None." Giles spat out. Willow and Oz looked at him, confused. "She was too busy using me as a practice dummy. He turned and walked to his office. It was then that she saw dark blue and black bruise on his neck.

* * *

The sun shined on a building. A mansion made out of gray stone, stood alone in the country. The yard was over grown with tall weeds and grasses. The few flowers that were scattered about barley added any color to the plain scene. Vines grew up the walls of the mansion, reaching towards the sky. Stone covered large sections of the wall, letting none of the wall show.

Inside, the place was beautiful, despite it's outer appearance. Candles were lit to give off a dim glow, but just enough for someone to see around the place. A figure walked across the main room to a corner. A crib was nestled into it.

Buffy placed the baby into the crib. A girl. She bent down and kissed her. A song came to her head, not knowing where from, but decided to sing it. She always sung to the baby when she put it down to nap or sleep. Despite if she was off tune.

//From this moment life has begun From this moment you are the one
Right beside you is where I belong From this moment on From this
moment I have been blessed I live only for your happiness

And for your love I'd give my last breath From this moment on I'd
give my hand to you with all my heart Can't wait to live my life with
you can't wait to start You and I will never be apart My dreams came
true because of you//

She gasped as hands encircled her waste. She turned around to face Angel. Now was good of a time as any to ask him all of her questions. She took his hand and pulled him over to the couch and sat down.

"Angel, why can't I go outside?" Buffy asked.

He'd been planing this answer for a while, now. "Because," he began, "I don't want anyone to get you." *Or you to run away.*

"Oh. And why is it that you only go out at night?" she asked. She had always wondered this for a while, but never thought of asking him until she had flashes of what she thought to be her life before she lost her memory.

"It's less crowded when I go out. I don't like a lot of people around me." he replied, smiling. He wasn't prepared for that question. *She's getting her memory back.* It took him a while to figure it out. *I'll have to do something about that.*

"I see." she understood, but she didn't quite believe it. She couldn't. Something inside her told her that he was lying, that he's been a fake.

Angelus planned this moment. The moment when he's make her one of him. Letting her remember everything and then 'killing' her. He didn't want another Drusilla. He didn't need one. "I have a surprise for you." he smiled, fooling her.

"Really?" Buffy smiled and her eyes lit up, forgetting for conversation they had. Her eyes always did when someone wanted to give her a surprise. She pushed the conversation on, wanting to know what her surprise. "And what's my surprise?"

"Follow me." They got up and he led her to a door. It was made out of steel with a window, bars covering it. "It's right in here. Just go on in." He opened the door and the room was dark.

"But it's dark. I can't see." Buffy protested. Something didn't feel right about this.

"That's part of the surprise. Don't worry, nothing will bite." he said.

Buffy had a deja vu. A vision. Her in an alley, standing over someone

who looked like Angel. *Don't worry, I don't bite.* She shook it off and went into the room. She walked in farther, wanting to find her present. Suddenly, she heard the door shut.

She turned around quickly, only to see that Angel was on the other side.

That stupid slayer. Soon enough she'll remember, and then she'll remember what it was like to die. He locked the door. Angel peered in, watching her rush up to the door.

"What are you doing?" she cried. Buffy grabbed the bars with both hands.

"I can't let you out. I'm afraid you might go outside. I wouldn't want you to go away." he lied.

"Let me out! I'm not going to go outside!" Tears fell from her eyes. She didn't understand why he would do this.

He turned away and walked half way across the room. And then he turned around, facing her. "Oh, and if you need light in there, there's a candle in there and one match. There's a bed in the corner if you need to sleep." Angel turned away and started walking, until he was out of sight.

Buffy cried, still holding onto the bars. Hopeful that he would return, only making this a joke. She waited, crying out his name.

After a while, she stopped. *He's not coming back* she thought. She turned away, slowly making her way to a corner, hoping that there was a bed there, like he had said. She found it, laid down and cried herself to sleep.

* * *

"I want you all to read chapters fifteen through seventeen in your books. You will be tested on those chapters on Monday." Willow said to her class. The bell rang, signaling the end of school, and all of her students filed out the door. Willow went and sat at her desk, grading some papers.

Oz entered her class. He looked at Willow. She was bent over her desk, writing something down. "Hey." He said, walking towards her.

Willow looked up, smiling at Oz. "Oh, hey. What's up?"

"Nothing really. I was just hoping that we could hang or something."

"Yeah. I just have to grade a few papers," she gestured towards the papers on her desk. "if you don't mind waiting. You can pull up a seat."

"Thanks." he pulled a seat up to her desk. "So how are things going?"

"Just fine." she graded a paper and set it aside, and then graded

another. "I'm getting the hang of this stuff. I love it."

"I'm glad. You seem to be doing well." he smiled. He loved the way she did things, even grading papers. Her face was just so cute.

"Thanks." she finished grading the last one she had. Willow put them in a folder and sat there, thinking. She put her hands on her desk.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked, curious what was on her mind.

"Just think. Buffy has her baby, right now. It's probably around a few weeks old, isn't it great?" she asked smiling. Her eyes were bright, glowing almost. She was so happy for Buffy, if only they knew were she was.

"If she still alive. We don't know even if she alive." he said, trying to get her to realize that.

Willow glared at him, making her arm shove some of her stuff off the desk. She and Oz bent down, picking up the things quickly. He set everything on top of her desk, where she put the other stuff. "Sorry." he said, apologizing for upsetting her.

"Willow, we don't know if she is and you have to accept that." Oz was always the reasonable one.

"I know. I just don't want to think of that." she said.

"What's on that disk?" he asked, looking at the yellow disk. He didn't notice it on the desk before.

Willow put on a curious face. "I don't know," she replied. She took the disk and slipped it into her lap top. "It probably belonged to Mrs. Calendar."

They both waited for the computer to bring up what it had on it.

"What do you think is on it? I know you probably went through most of her disks for class."

"Probably just some assignments." They both watched the screen as it brought up a file. "Oh my god." Both of their eyes widen with surprise.

* * *

"Giles!" Willow and Oz walked into the library. Willow had the disk and a printout of something in her hands.

"Yes?" he said coming out of his office. Kendra was right behind him with a stake in one hand and a knife and the other.

Xander entered the library, walking right past Willow, Oz, and Giles. "Nice knife," he told Kendra as he passed her and sat down at the table.

"This is it. The curse. Mrs. Calendar was working on it." Willow handed him the printout. Giles looked over it.

"Yes. She seemed to want to restore Angel's soul." Giles said, not wanting to remember Jenny.

Xander stood up. "But Angel killed her before she could curse him. Not surprising."

"I want to try this curse. I want to restore Angel's soul. I mean if he's with Buffy, he wouldn't hurt her or anything, if we did this in time." Willow said.

"Yes, it seemed that Jenny wanted to do that, but didn't get a chance to." Giles held back tears. He didn't want to really do this curse because Angel killed her. But he would do what Jenny wanted to do.

"Are you saying that you want to curse him so we can get soul boy back?" Xander said angrily. "That's all everyone would want. He murdered Mrs. Calendar. He should pay." He was disgusted.

"Xander, it wasn't his fault." Oz said, trying to calm him down.

"Oh, so now everyone's for him, huh?"

"Angel's suffered enough. Don't you think that's why he has a curse? He'll only be killing more if we leave him as he is." Willow fought back.

"I think we should try the curse." Kendra spoke up.

"I all make me sick." Xander said as he got his stuff and went out the library.

"I need an Orb of Thesulah." Willow said, getting back on topic.

"I have one. I've been using it as a book holder." He went into his office and brought back the Orb. It appeared to be just a glass ball.

"Okay. Once we have all this, we need a place and then we can do this curse. How about Giles' house?"

"Okay. I'll get all the stuff required and we meet at my place tomorrow night at seven." Giles said.

Willow handed Giles the printout. They all agreed and left.

* * *

Buffy awoke. She opened her eyes, looking into darkness, except for the little light coming through the bars. She sat up, remember her dream.

Perhaps they were from her previous life. She remembered a word that someone had said to her. Umpire? No. Vampire. Yes, that was the word. Her dreams showed her faces. Hideous and disfigured faces that went away when the sun rose. That she supposed, was a vampire.

She also fought these vampires, killing them with a...stick? That sounded stupid, but it was what she dreamed of. She knew she must of did this often for her to remember it.

And people. An old guy wearing tweed. Her father? She shook her head. She couldn't remember. She stood up and walked to the door, peering out the bars. She looked to the corner to see Angel playing with the baby.

"Angel," she spoke softly. "Let me see her. Let me see Dominique." she begged.

He placed Dominique down and walked towards where Buffy was. "I see you're awake."

"Let me see her." Buffy said angrily. "I don't care if you lock me up, but let me see her."

"You can't tell me what to do, can you? Nothing you can do, either." Angel smirked. He could care less about her. As soon as she remembered everything, he would kill her.

"Angel, at least tell me what time it is. I'm getting hungry." she said. Buffy was going to find a way out. Since he only went out at night. Then, something clicked. Night and vampire. Was Angel a vampire? Maybe.

"Why, it's early morning. Six o'clock." he replied. He turned and went to go get her something to eat.

Buffy watched him leave and then scooted over to the end of the bars. She saw only the crib. Disappointed, she walked over to the bed and sat down. She looked at the solid gray wall the surrounded her, looking for a way out. She sighed and held her head back, closing her eyes. She opened her eyes and noticed a window. It was blocked with boards. It was high enough to where she could jump, but she had no way of getting the board out.

"Here." Angel said, startling her. He held a couple of fruits and a glass of water. He watched her get up and walk over to the door. He handed her the food and water through the bars. "Eat. I'm going to bed." With that, he left out of her sight.

"Thanks for nothing." Buffy murmured. She walked back over to her bed and ate the fruit. After she was finished, she tried to think of a way to get the board out. It wasn't tacked into place, but just sitting on the seal. She got up and looked around the room. All she saw was the bed. There was nothing she could use. Buffy sighed. There had to be some way, there had to be.

Buffy walked over to the opposite wall and leaned against it. She held her head back and closed her eyes. Perhaps if she could just think. She put her head back down and opened her eyes slowly. The bed. The posts on the bed. That's it. She walked over to the bed and put her hands on to a post and pulled. The bar came right off, as if it was never on there before. Buffy was surprised. *I never knew I was the strong.* She grabbed a sheet and wrapped it around the bar so it wouldn't make any noise while hitting the board.

She took a step back from where the window was and threw the bar at it. Sunlight suddenly poured into the room. Buffy shielded her eyes with her arm. She slowly put her arm down as her eyes adjusted to the light.

Buffy walked underneath the window and jumped. She grabbed the windowsill and pulled herself up. Once she was up, she was amazed at her strength that was in her. She pushed herself over and landed on the ground rolling. She got up and dusted herself off.

She looked around and gasped. All she saw were trees. They surrounded her, like a prison. She didn't know how far she was from some town, but she did know that she had to hide. Somewhere to get away. "Great. I get out and I can't go anywhere." Buffy sighed. She picked a direction and started walking.

* * *

It was dark and Angel awoke. He walked over to the room he was keeping Buffy in. He peered in and didn't see anyone. He yanked opened the door, nearly ripping it from it's hinges. He looked around the room, searching for any sign of where she could be. After all, it was a small room. "Damn it!" he yelled. He punched the wall before noticing that the window's boards were gone.

He stomped out of the room. When he returned, he boarded up the window with steal, nailing it to the stone. Then, he set out to find Buffy.

Before leaving the mansion, he checked on Dominique to make sure she was okay. He went outside, smelling for any trace of Buffy. Once he had found it, he set off running, hoping to find her.

The smell seemed to be getting strong, which meant he was closer. He ran faster, but he was quiet. Finally catching up with her, he grabbed her by the arm. Buffy screamed, hoping that someone would hear her.

"Don't worry, no one will hear you. We're too far from civilization." He held onto her wrist tightly, not wanting her to run from him.

"Stop! You're hurting me!" she cried. She tried pulling away, but his grip was too strong for her. She screamed.

"Shut up, Bitch!" Angel yelled, angrily. He slapped her with his other hand, knocking her unconscious. Angel then started his way back to the mansion, where he would lock her up to prevent her from escaping again.

* * *

"Okay. We have everything. Now we just need to read it, I think." Willow said. She was sitting on the rug. Giles, Xander, Cordelia, Oz, and Kendra surrounded her. She look around. "Everyone ready?"

The Orb was surrounded by the candles within a circle. Xander stood on one side and waved burning herbs and incense over the Orb.

Giles stood on the other side with a Latin book opened.

Willow sat there, with a copy of the curse in her hands. She casted the stones in her hands. She nodded to Giles.

Xander kept waving the burning herbs and incense.

"Quod perditum est, invenietur." Giles spoke. (Translation: What is lost, return.)

"Not dead... nor not of the living. Spirits of the interregnum, I call." Willow spoke her line.

* * *

Buffy woke up with her jaw aching. She slowly got out of what was left of the bed and walked towards the far wall where she knew there was some water. Maybe some aspirin too, if she was lucky. When she reached the table, she drank the water and found that there was two pills. She popped them in her mouth, not caring if they were really aspirin or not. If they'd only make the pain go away.

Where am I? she thought. Suddenly, everything came back to her. How she lost her memory, the months with Angelus, and her past. *Great time to remember.* She looked around for a way out. Remembering the window, she looked up only to find it shut with metal. She sighed. She looked up and noticed a pipe.

Buffy stood right under it and jumped. She grabbed onto the pipe, pulling herself up. "Angel," she called out.

Angel appeared at the door. He looked in, noticing that she was gone, once again. He open the door and stood there looking around. He was confused. How could she escape?

Buffy dropped down, kicking him in the chest. Angel flew out into the main room. Buffy stood in front of him, hands on her hips.

"It's good to be me." she quipped. Angel quickly got up and threw a punch at her. She blocked and kicked him in the stomach. He put on his vampire face, making himself feel stronger. He ran towards Buffy and she back flipped out of the way. "You don't go through five hours of practice for nothing, you know. And you know what else? Chinese isn't my favorite food."

He made a low sweep with his foot, tripping her. He then stepped on her chest, pinning her down. Buffy quickly pulled his foot, making him fall. Both Angel and Buffy got up at the same time. Buffy threw a punch at him, but Angel caught her arm and twisted it behind her back. He stood behind her, one arm holding her behind her back, and the other holding down her other arm. He lowered his head to her ear and whispered, "I hope you had a fun time, Buffy. It's going to be your last." He then lowered his head to her neck.

* * *

At Giles' house, Willow is still chanting, but she looks weak. "Gods, bind him. Cast his heart from the... evil... realm." Willow spoke slowly.

* * *

Angel pierced the delicate skin on her neck, slowly drinking her blood. The warmth of a Slayer's blood! It tasted so good, rich in salt. This blood gave him life.

Buffy didn't let one tear fall. She wouldn't let him see her fear. She cried inside for him to stop, but she didn't dare say it out loud. She stood there as he drank her blood.

* * *

Willow is breathing heavily as she chants. She looks weaker than before. "Return." Willow takes a deep breath. "I call on..."

"Willow?" Oz asked worried.

Willow's head snapped back and her eyes are wide open. Her head snapped back down and her eyes stared at the Orb. Willow then starts to chant steadily in Rumanian, as if she was possessed. "Te implor, Doamne, nu ignora aceasta rugaminte." (Translation: I implore you, Lord, do not ignore this request.)

"Giles, she's freaking me out." Cordelia said, still looking at Willow.

"It's all right, I think this is supposed to happen." Giles replied to calm her down.

Willow continued to chant. "Nici mort, nici al fiintei..." (Translation: Neither dead, nor of the living...)

"Giles, you can't think. You have to know." Cordelia said, still freaked out.

"Lasa orbita sa fie vasul care-i va transporta, sufletul la el." (Translation: Let this Orb be the vessel that will carry his soul to him.)

* * *

Buffy was losing control over her body. Her body was weak and she could no longer hold it up. She let her body relax, knowing Angel was almost finished. She closed her eyes and then she let the tears fall.

* * *

"Asa sa fie! Asa sa fie! Acum!" (Translation: So it shall be! So it shall be! Now!) "Acum!" (Translation: Now!)

The Orb lit up, as if there was a fire inside. It was only for a second before it returned to its original state.

Willow relaxed and looked around at everyone, blankly.

* * *

Angel pulled back from Buffy, letting her fall to the ground. A fire light in his eyes and then disappeared as quickly as it had come. He

seemed to gasp for breath, even though he didn't need it. He then looked around where he was at. Then he spotted Buffy, lying lifeless on the floor.

End
file.